

By WILLIAM DUNCAN.

6570.

" O may that grateful day draw nigh,  
When universal peace and joy,  
Sent down from heav'n above,  
Shall banish wars and strife away,  
And open up an endless day  
Of harmony and love!" A

ANONYMOUS

Dundee,

Printed by T. COLVILL for the AUTHOR;  
And sold by the Booksellers.

1796.

the British Museum, and all other  
the registered and only  
DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS

And in all other cases where the  
of the British Museum, and all other  
the registered and only  
DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS

the British Museum, and all other  
the registered and only  
DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS



To the OFFICERS, and all others composing  
the respectable, and truly Patriotic Corps of  
DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS:

And to all others who are good Subjects, and  
lovers of their King and Country, the following  
rustic pieces, the productions of the unlearned  
muse, are most respectfully and humbly dedicated,

By their most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

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## TO THE READER.

**T**HE following pieces are only part of a larger number, in the Author's possession, which may, or may not be published, as circumstances may occur; great part of which, he is sure, would have been more favourably received by a number of readers: but having a kind of predilection for the subject, on which great part of these pieces touch, he thought it best to throw a few of them together at present, as they might have been more unseasonable at another time.

The Author is sufficiently aware of the character they will receive from many people of a certain description; but he trusts to the candour of his friends, and all impartial people, for the truth of what he has advanced.

With respect to the Poetry, he is sensible of his imperfections, as very few excel in that art; but as the greatest authors have their despisers, so he will only be on a level with them; and as all have friends, he expects some also.

All verses are not poetry; but if these pieces are not, they are at least good rhyme; a circumstance which every verse-maker cannot boast of. Also there is nothing in them stolen, and but very little borrowed; and, doubts not, (by what he has already seen) but they will gain the approbation of many; more for the design, he supposes, than for any merit in themselves.

On Politics it is needless to say much here: The subject has been so often handled by many able pens, that nothing new can be said on the same.

The ferment and disaffection that reigned for some years in Britain, have in some degree subsided; partly by force, and partly by fear; while many have opened their eyes, and seen the error and danger of their ways, and taken the other side. This pleasing circumstance has been greatly forwarded by the many valuable books that have been published on the subject. Many of those have been



been published in cheap editions, and great numbers of them have been given gratis by respectable societies, gentlemen, and others; and have done great service in quieting the minds of many, especially those who were in doubts. — To give a list of these Books, and tell their merits, would require a volume: Suffice it here only to mention a few of the Authors, chiefly in Scotland, whose publications have been of so much good to the kingdom, in large Books, Pamphlets, Fast-day Sermons, Addresses, &c. These are Drs. Hardy, Walker, Erskine, Greenfield, Mess. Wild and Brown, at Edinburgh; Dr Sommerville, Jedburgh; Drs. Taylor and Ranken, Glasgow; Dr Carlyle, Inveresk; Dr John Moore; Mr Arthur Young; Dr. John Young, Hawick; Mr Thomas now of Abdie; Mr Pirie of Newburgh; Mess. Moyes, and Wood, Dundee; Dr Hill and Mr Rob, St. Andrews; M<sup>r</sup> Knight, Leith; Sheriffs, Aberdeen; Bisset, Brechin; Will of Ruthven; Robertson of Callender; Chalmers of Deskford; Graham of Aberfoyl; Cannachie of Crawford; Woodrow of Steventon; Gleig at Stirling; Gelatly of Haddington; Trail, &c. &c. All that can be said here is, that they are lovers of God; of men, and of their country. Likewise it is a comfortable reflection, that clergymen of all denominations, with only a few exceptions, have stood forth in defence of religion, law and government, with distinguished ardour.

The chief complaints at present are, Bad State Ministers. — The War. — Dearth of Provisions.

First, The ministry in office, are mostly always railed at by some envious persons, who think that nothing is right unless they have a share in it themselves. Our present ministry is composed of as able, and as honest men as the kingdom affords; and the first, the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, is a young man of such ability and virtues, that he may be called a prodigy among young men at this time: and it may be said, that he truly inherits all the abilities and amiable qualities of his immortal father, William, first Earl of Chatham, whom all allow to have been a great and able man; yet he was not without many enemies.

Next, The War has been ridiculed as unjust, disastrous

and

and unsuccessful by all our Frenchified people; but it has often been proved both just and necessary. Neither have we cause to complain for want of success. Some of our allies indeed have come to loss, partly by their own cowardice and mismanagement; but we have not lost one inch that we possessed before the war. On the other hand, we have gained a great deal: The French have not an inch left in the East Indies, and soon the Dutch will share the same fate: and in the West, we have taken the greatest part of the French islands; and such a force is now landed there, and on the passage, as will effectually root them out in that quarter also. And by many brave actions at sea, and otherwise, we have almost annihilated their navy; and the few remaining ships of the line in their possession must lye in their harbours, and dare not come out; and hardly a frigate or smaller vessel can they send out, but is immediately taken.

Were all the ships of war in commission, taken from our enemies during the last and this war, we could fight their sea force with their own ships, and beat them: So we may say in the words of an eminent British divine and poet, with a little variation in the second line: —

“ As long as stars guide mariners,  
 “ And while young women’s virtues please,  
 “ And suns invite the ravish’d sight,  
 “ The British flag shall sweep the seas.”

It is said, and with truth, that many of our merchant ships have been taken: but considering the great and extensive trade of Britain, they are thought of little consequence to the nation at large, and many of them are retaken afterwards.

Our navy at present consists of 600 sail, great and small, with 120,000 seamen; a force which cannot be equalled by all the navies of Europe: A third part of this number, at least, is idle and out of commission, so that on an emergency we could fit out the whole; but at present our enemies have not a force at sea equal to the third of ours, at present well manned, and in complete repair, and fine order every way.

The number of merchant ships were never near so great as at present, tho' in the heat of war; for it appears by a statement laid before the house of Lords, May the 2d, 1796, that the merchant vessels belonging to the British empire in 1796 are 18000 with 120,000 seamen; a number which no nation could ever parallel.

The bravery of our seamen and soldiers has never been exceeded, nor even equalled, which has been allowed by all, and even by our enemies. See the following character of Britons by a French poet.

“ All brave and stout as Mars, as Venus fair,  
 “ Gentle in peace, and terrible in war:  
 “ Great amidst changes, fixt in high renown,  
 “ No other victors but themselves they own;  
 “ What nation can such troops of victors boast,  
 “ Reviving all that Greece and Rome have lost?  
 “ All court their love, or to their valour bow;  
 “ No bounds their arms, no end their triumphs know.  
 “ Proud Neptune bends beneath their awful sway,  
 “ And all the winds and waves their sails obey;  
 “ Beneath whose lofty towers the billows foam,  
 “ Conveying endless wealth and plenty home;  
 “ Or carrying dread and hostile arms a far,  
 “ That speak in thunder, and in flames make war.  
 “ Tethy's and Jason, and the Grecian band  
 “ Of Argonauts, for naval valour fam'd,  
 “ Must yield to these, whilst on their fruitful shores,  
 “ They empty, from both worlds, the noblest stores.”

Another French author, speaking of the British seamen and soldiers, whose humanity and friendship he had deeply experienced, says, “ They are worthy sons of a free and gallant nation; and it must ever be a vain attempt in any of their rival powers, to think of combating their fleets or armies, till they have first raised themselves to a level with their liberty and virtues.”

Thus, by the character we have gained in all ages, among all nations, let us all strive to retain it; and they who would do otherwise, are not worthy to live under the protection of British laws and government. The love of  
 one's

one's country, in ancient times, was a virtue deeply inculcated by the greatest sages of antiquity: and this maxim has always been believed by all loyal subjects, in all nations, that, next to their love to God, the love of their country should take place; and that public interest should be preferred before private. But these rules will not agree with many in our day, altho' they ought; for we find they were adopted by the greatest statesmen and heroes in all ages. It was the saying of a heathen, which might put many Christians to the blush at this time: "No place, (says he) ought to be dearer to us than our country; you are not to love it the less tho' now deformed; it rather on that account claims your pity.—My life I will freely part with, but not with my country; let us obey our senate, let us consult with good men, let us trust our fortunes with the gods.—But let us exert ourselves; let us labour for glory and posterity."—Then surely Christians ought to "go and do likewise."

Lastly, The dearth and scarcity of provisions is attributed to the war; but on a fair review of the subject, and comparing the prices in times of peace and war for sixty years past, it will then appear, that war has not been the cause: for during that period, we find that victual has always been cheapest in time of war, except at this time.—The war in 1739 began with scarcity, owing to bad seasons, but this continued for only part of two years, and the war lasted eight, viz. till 1748. In 1752 the victual rose in the time of profound peace, and continued scarce and dear till a short time after the war began in 1755; and during that long, glorious war, which ended in 1763, it was remarkably cheap; oat meal being from 6d to 7d per peck, and bear and pease 4d all that time.

Soon after the peace it rose very high; for a bad crop in 1764, followed by a succession of them for some years, made corn and meal scarce and dear for nine or ten years, viz. till 1775, the first year of the unfortunate American war, when meal again turned plenty and cheap, and continued so during that war of eight years. And what is worthy of remark is, that an unfavourable late season in 1782, caused a failure in that year's crop of  
more



more than the half in many places: the consequence was, that dearth and scarcity came in with the peace early in 1783. The present war had continued near three years without any rise in the price of grain in this country, is generally allowed; also, almost every one knows, that the crop of 1795 was light and badly filled in many parts of Scotland: This, together with the bad and late harvest, with shaking and rotting, and growing in the stook, easily account for the present scarcity.—By the foregoing it appears that war has not been the cause of scarcity, but bad crops. On the contrary, it appears that corn has happened always to be cheapest in war during the time mentioned, till this year; and a good crop following would reduce it as low as before, though the war should continue: a certain proof that it has little or no influence on the prices of grain, at least in Scotland. It has also been alledged, that the scarcity has been partly artificial, by many people keeping up victual who could well spare it: This no doubt may be true in some instances, which could be proved; but we hope, for the honour of our country, and the sake of humanity, that they are few: But all such who would heighten the distresses of the poor, by adding to the scourge of heaven, cannot expect to prosper. On the other hand, it is but too true, that many who annually sell some hundred bolls of corn and meal, are buying this year to supply their own families till they get a new crop.

It is also worthy of remark, that there never was a time when so many charitable benefactions had been given to the poor than at present. The supply both of money and meal in many places, that have been distributed, show that charity is not laid aside by the best and greatest part of our countrymen.

Thus it appears, that neither war, nor the combinations of evil men, have been the cause of our present dearth. What we have suffered, therefore, is the work of God, and not of man. Famines have always been considered, by the best of men, as the chastisements of heaven for our sins: but God is out of the question, and too much overlooked by the greatest part of us all. We need not  
be

be surpris'd tho' greater judgments overtake us. The pride and profanity, the contempt of all laws and religion, and even of God himself, with such a spirit of infidelity, bordering on atheism, is such at present as has not been exceeded in any age. Some we hear have burnt the scripture: so without speedy repentance and amendment of their ways, they can hardly escape the lake that burns with fire and brimstone for ever.

To conclude, by what has been said, the author will no doubt be branded as an enemy to peace; but he is as much a friend to peace as any man, could it be obtained on fair and honourable terms. We have already made offers of peace; but their answer was the same with the following, "Give us back all we have lost, and allow us to keep possession of all that we have taken, and we will make peace with you on these terms." Will any true Briton wish to have peace on these humiliating terms? We hope not, and rather than agree to such, let the war be carried on with vigour; and while a shilling remains in the pocket of a loyal subject, it will be cheerfully given up for the prosecution of a plan so necessary, just, and honourable. It is generally and notoriously known, that the greatest part of our allies, (the emperor excepted) have forsaken us; and have neither been free of cowardice nor treachery. We have therefore nothing now to depend on, except the bravery of our own seamen and soldiers, who never yet failed us; and, under God, are the best protectors we ever yet knew or found. These, could they be joined with unanimity at home, we might then bid defiance to the world; but should we suffer the worst, we have this comfortable reflection, that "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake."—Adieu,

*June 14th, 1796.*

W. D.

THE  
TRUE BRITON.

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*A POEM on the DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS.*

YE heroes of Britain, your praise I will sing;  
For now to your country great honour you bring;  
But first let me mention my friends at Dundee,  
Who're presently serving so loyal and free.  
A number of gentlemen, merchants and trades,  
Appear now as soldiers upon the parades,  
And form a large body of fine volunteers  
As e'er was in Scotland this cent'ry of years.  
The threats of invasion they heard with disdain,  
But plots of reformers gave all their hearts pain,  
Which made loyal subjects to rouse in Dundee,  
And arm for king, law, and true libertie.  
This corps is compos'd of the best in the town,  
Who use the king's arms, but clothing their own;  
And tho' they receive but a remnant of pay,  
To poor needful Christians they give it away.  
So they to the nation are little expence,  
Yet they and their like are the truest defence.  
And as many of them have property large,  
To keep and defend it they'll bear all the charge:  
This join'd to the love of their country and king,  
Make valiant true soldiers, whose praises should  
ring.  
It cheers all good subjects to see how they go,  
For when they're in order they make a fine show,  
With arms so bright and neat clothing in blue,  
And liv'ry of scarlet, a fine warlike hue;

With

With fine martial music and colours display'd,  
 And in regimentals completely array'd,  
 They make grand appearance, and act ev'ry twine  
 Of warlike discipline, like troops of the line:  
 And if call'd to action (which heaven forbid  
 That ever the nation should need all their aid),  
 They'd fight like brave vetrans and never would fly,  
 But boldly would conquer, or gloriously die;  
 For they are devoted to that noble plan  
 Which guards all religion and true rights of man.  
 They've gallant commanders of courage and skill,  
 Whose merits described a volume would fill.  
 Brave Duff is commandant, as major he ranks,  
 Whose care and behaviour merit our thanks;  
 For like a true hero he boldly appears,  
 As head of his neighbours all brave volunteers.  
 The second in order is true captain Scott,  
 Whose military skill in the army he got;  
 For last war he serv'd with the Athole brave men,  
 And here in his native he acts now again.  
 The third now in order is brave captain Myln,  
 Who late in the army that station did fill,  
 Which gave him experience for this command;  
 So he for a safeguard's the fitter to stand:  
 Likewise he's descended of true British blood,  
 For Mylnefield, his father's, a countryman good.  
 Sir Alexr. Douglas, a brave warlike name,  
 Whose noble ancestors had gained great fame,  
 Is here a commander among this brave crew,  
 Who wear the red liv'ry upon the fine blue;  
 And as he's commended so good and humane,  
 His love to his country and brav'ry's the same.  
 The patriot Stirling, a friend to our trade,  
 Whose acts of benev'lence have made many glad,  
 Has



Has serv'd in this regiment a true volunteer,  
 But now a commander does boldly appear.  
 Another is Johnston, a countryman true,  
 And Kermack so loyal's an officer too;  
 The patriots Ramsay, Pitcairn, and Blair,  
 And Stirling the younger who brave ev'ry fear;  
 With Lamy and Chrichton all guards to our laws,  
 And Adam and Lindsay all friends to the cause,  
 Have all some command in this body so free,  
 Which brought the lost honour again to Dundee;  
 And others to equal the best in the town,  
 Are serving as privates of fame and renown.

Brave Laird of Strathmartin, a seaman so true,  
 Who serv'd in America under Lord Howe,  
 Does cheerfully serve here as a private man,  
 With other good gentlemen on the same plan.  
 If call'd to the ocean—till his orders come,  
 He always intends to be useful at home.

Unlike some commanders who live at their ease,  
 And neither disabl'd by age nor disease,  
 And often had prov'd themselves officers brave,  
 But are now to party and faction a slave;  
 But in times of danger such rancour should cease,  
 And all fill some station, their nation to grace.  
 The good Master Wyllie of kin to the gown  
 Can act as a soldier in guarding the town;  
 And by his profession of books and the pen,  
 And loyal affection, great honour does gain.

The stout Master Millar, a patriotic young man,  
 Is also in arms a friend to the plan.

Another true Briton whose name I hold dear,  
 Is likewise in arms, a true volunteer:

With courage and virtues without the least stain,  
 He's friend to the nation and all honest men.

B

The

glad,  
 Has

The time now would fail me their whole names  
 to show,  
 And scarcely a fourth of them right do I know;  
 Suffice it to say, I wish well to them all,  
 And ev'ry true Briton, how great or how small.  
 I'm sorry they've lost the experienc'd Watt,  
 Tho' many his equals again they have got;  
 For last war he serv'd with our brave highlandmen,  
 But doubtless he's never to do so again.  
 Then surely our thanks and our praises are due  
 To all who are steady, remaining, and true.  
 For to our defenders far greater we owe,  
 Than tongue, pen, or pencil, are fit to bestow.  
 O if my weak verses were able to give,  
 Their names should be deathless, and ever should  
 live,  
 While thro' the whole world the British guns roar,  
 And while the great ocean encircles our shore,  
 For all their endeavours their merit is such,  
 That I am unable to praise them too much:  
 But more on the subject would make it too long.  
 So here we shall leave it and pass to the song\*.



*A SONG on the DUNDEE VOLUNTEERS.*

COME loyal Britons ev'ry one,  
 give ear to what I say;

For

\* Should any of the volunteers, or the public, think that too much flattery is contained in the foregoing poem, the author begs they will forgive his warmth of expression, as it is his own real sentiments; and he thinks that all who would venture life and fortune, in critical and dangerous times, cannot be too much praised, at least in his opinion.

For to all minds republican  
 'twill thunder dire dismay;  
 For at the sound of war's alarms  
 true loyalty appears;  
 And with the best are now in arms  
 the Dundee Volunteers.  
 In midst of much disloyalty  
 are many pillars found,  
 Which will support true royalty,  
 and stand king George's ground.  
 Tho' here some rogues would pull him down,  
 and caus'd uneasy fears,  
 These cares away are now all flown,  
 since we got volunteers.  
 A set of worthy gentlemen  
 have cheerfully enroll'd,  
 And sacrific'd some private gain,  
 their ease, and also gold:  
 And all for sake of peace and law  
 now broken for some years,  
 By those who will be kept in awe  
 by these brave volunteers.  
 Altho' some odd uncommon tricks  
 have stain'd this name—Dundee,  
 Yet when the bad with good we mix,  
 it yet may pardon'd be:  
 And what has honour'd more this town  
 than all that yet appears,  
 Is these brave heroes of renown,  
 the Dundee Volunteers.  
 They at a time when danger call'd  
 courageously stept forth,  
 And by their presence threat'nings quell'd  
 before they came to birth:

Yet naughty neighbours them repay  
 with envy, mocks and jeers;  
 But all their threats will ne'er dismay  
 the Dundee Volunteers.

They scarce will take the least reward  
 at government's expence;  
 Then surely all should them regard  
 for trusty cheap defence;  
 And while such patriots guard our land,  
 no danger can come near's,  
 For here our foes would never stand  
 the Dundee Volunteers.

But should the factious fools of France,  
 in frenzie fits come o'er,  
 They would not far this way advance  
 when they could war no more:  
 For Britons are so bold and free,  
 if any foe appears,  
 They'll be cut down by brave Dundee,  
 and other Volunteers.

By hearing that we're well prepar'd,  
 no foreign foes will come;  
 And these brave men will be our guard  
 from ill designs at home.  
 When they're accouter'd all aright,  
 they look like grenadiers,  
 So few are fitter for the fight,  
 than Dundee Volunteers.

Altho' some pay they are allow'd,  
 they none of it will take,  
 But all the same they have bestow'd  
 for charity's dear sake:  
 And to the poor they make cheap meal  
 in Dundee oft appears;



So all my surely such men call  
brave Christian Volunteers.

Their brave example all may praise,  
for their designs are good ;  
And tho' some may think otherways,  
they'll save perhaps some blood :  
For by their presence rogues leave off  
their open jars and steers,  
And all they dare is but to scoff  
at all true volunteers.

We see these gallant gentlemen  
will well defend our cause,  
And all internal foes restrain,  
who break the peace and laws :  
For now are banish'd quite away  
our former doubts and fears ;  
So health and many happy day  
to all true volunteers.

In Britain now, there's many one  
has arms ta'en in hand,  
All on the same defensive plan,  
which honours much our land :  
Yea all this kind tend to bring back  
to Britain peaceful years :  
So all good men will ay respect  
such loyal volunteers.

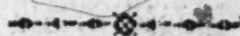
*A Song, or Poem on the Forfar Volunteers.*

Verse measur'd right, tho' short or lang,  
Can eitt'er be a Poem or Sang.

THE true British spirit is nearly arou'd,  
Which never by enemies will be abus'd;  
For now we are threatn'd abroad and at home;  
But Britain is ready, and so let them come.  
In ev'ry good city and large burrows town,  
We've many defenders of fame and renown,  
And all to their colours they doubtless will stand  
Should ever invasion appear in our land.  
The good town of Forfar, so loyal and true,  
Al ho' it is pester'd with rebels a few,  
Has now got a body of fine volunteers,  
And so with its equal now boldy appears.  
The gentlemen, merchants, and all other kinds,  
Who always to king, peace and order were friends  
Have form'd this small regiment to favour our  
cause,  
And dare all offenders who spurn at the laws.  
They're as well disciplin'd, and ev'ry way right,  
As many brave vetrans abroad at the fight.  
Likewise ammunition and each warlike store,  
Which like ne'er belong'd to old Forfar before.  
Then surely they've honour'd themselves and the  
place.  
In guarding religion, our laws, and the peace.  
Brave Wyllie is captain, expert in the law,  
And for its protection his sword now will draw:  
As he's a good king'sman, and has been so long,  
He never in silence will suffer his wrong.  
The other commanders are Adam and Don,  
Two young men of courage and virtues anon;  
And

And tho' in a battle they never have been,  
 They'll soon equal many who have the war seen;  
 And if to a trial were put all the three,  
 Their theory with practice wou'd quickly agree.  
 They've Serjeants and Corporals and Drummers  
 likewise,

And music that Italy could not despise;  
 And some of those acting as true private men,  
 Are equal to any in Forfar again:  
 For all who have riches, or ought to defend,  
 Appear both the law and the government's friend.  
 So they who have rank, or a good name at all  
 Are ready and willing to march at a call;  
 And like private soldiers are fond to appear,  
 And count it great honour to act Volunteer.  
 Now if any danger should happen to come,  
 From any French robber, or rebel at home,  
 Our brave Volunteers will then play their part,  
 And make all our enemies fall to smart;  
 And then they'll be soldiers, not only in name,  
 But act will perpetuate their warlike fame;  
 And with the rest number'd of so great renown,  
 Will be the defenders of good Forfar town.



*A POEM on all VOLUNTEERS.*

THE spirit of Britain will never decline,  
 For always in danger it brightly does shine,  
 And for the time present, it never did more,  
 Nor ever stood forth with such lustre before.  
 We read in true hist'ry what Britain has done,  
 That thro' the whole world her valour has shone;  
 But

But never till present, had we on record,  
 The forces internal we now can afford.  
 Our nobles and gentlemen, merchants and trade,  
 To strengthen our army exertions have made.  
 And by their large bounties new regiments are  
 rais'd,

And old ones augmented, for which they are  
 prais'd.

Likewise they gave bounties to men for the sea,  
 And further'd the service in every degree.

Nor have their benevolence and bounty stopt here,  
 For they have great charity made to appear:

To widows and orphans they've given supply,  
 Whose husbands and fathers are kill'd, or may die,  
 In fighting for Britain's fair freedom and cause,  
 Maintaining our honour, religion and laws.

Above all their actions since this war began,  
 The greatest of all is the volunteer plan;

For thro' the whole nation, in country and town,  
 Great numbers are arm'd our foes to keep down;

And when sum'd together, compose a great force,  
 Of trusty defenders, both footmen and horse.

They're rais'd to government free of expence,  
 Except giving arms, so that's cheap defence:

And if they take payment the same is but small,  
 And many among them will have none at all;

For they are composed of good gentlemen,  
 Rich merchants and burghers, who live on their  
 gain.

They wear their own clothing, a fine coat of blue,  
 With liv'ry of scarlet, which shows they are true.

Were each town and city alone to be nam'd  
 Who for their exertions at present are fam'd,

They'd



They'd fill a large volume to give them due praise,  
And name all their actions, their plans and their  
ways.

Suffice it to mention in gen'ral them all,  
While some in North Britain by name we shall call.  
Through England and Ireland they have the same  
plan,

And Scotland at Edinburgh briskly began:

There they form'd a regiment of brave volunteers,  
Whose equal and quality no nation bears;

Tor they are compos'd of the best in the town,  
Who for its protection wou'd lay their lives down.

At Leith and Linlithgow, Dumfries and Dunbar,

They have all their companies ready for war:

And Glasgow and Greenock, and Paisley also,

And Kelfo and Renfrew, all brave the proud foe:

At Berwick and Stirling, at Air and Argyle,

And at many west'rn Hebredian Isle,

There Volunteer forces are fit for the fight,

Should French, Dutch, or rebels, appear in their  
fight.

At Perth they have numbers, likewise at Dundee,

And Forfar and Angus the same way agree.

Now we shall pass on to the good town Arbroath,

Altho' not in arms to miss it I'm loth;

Tor still it continues both loyal and true,

And never gave ear to a wild rebel crew.

The clubs of sedition have never sat here,

Nor would they be suffer'd the place to come near.

No Volunteers have they by clothing or name,

Yet all in the town may be called the same:

Were danger approaching they'd go at a call,

No man their strong batt'ry, and use arms small.

Montrose next in order has also a force,

And Aberdeen likewise has both foot and horse.

To

To Banff, Peterhead, Elgin and Nairn we pass,  
 Who have all their quotas, — so has Inverness.  
 At Ullapool, Thurso, at Wick and some more,  
 Are Volunteers arm'd, all peace to restore.  
 Besides all these footmen, some counties and towns  
 Have rais'd up some regiments of fine light dra-  
 goons,

Who are not confin'd to their shire, town, or place,  
 But march thro' the kingdom, preserving the peace.  
 Likewise in the country we've numbers enroll'd,  
 Of tradesmen and farmers both young and old,  
 But never disciplin'd as there is no need;  
 But were danger appearing they'd arm with speed.

Now for the Commanders of these Volunteers,  
 They're mostly all veterans advanced in years,  
 Who serv'd long their country abroad and a far,  
 And brilliant actions perform'd in the war.  
 In Scotland brave Gordon's commander in chief;  
 If Frenchmen should come he'll soon bring them  
 to grief.

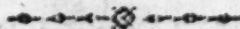
The next in command is Sir Hector Monro,  
 Who oft times in India reduc'd our foes low;  
 And next him brave Hamilton has the command,  
 Who long serv'd his country in far foreign land:  
 For he in America battles did join,  
 And serv'd in the army of gen'ral Burgoyne;  
 There gained by victory, and likewise defeat,  
 Experience greater than I can relate.

Besides these commanders, at our king's desire,  
 A brave Lord Lieutenant belongs to each shire.  
 In Angus Lord Douglas has got the command,  
 As he to his country a true friend will stand;  
 For he is the blood of a brave warlike race,  
 Whose actions for ever old Scotland will grace;  
 And

And as he inherits their estate and name,  
 He'll never diminish, but add to their fame.  
 We've Duncan of Lundie, and Fotheringham too,  
 (Who oft saw in battles what Britons could do,)  
 To be our commanders thro' all Angus-shire,  
 As deputes for Douglas as he doth desire;  
 And as they're well fitted with skill for the plan,  
 They'll gain the affection of each loyal man.  
 Good Scrimgeour of Tealing, tho' bred for the sea,  
 He means to be useful in any degree;  
 For with his own parish he promis'd to stand,  
 Should Frenchmen, or rebels appear in our land.  
 Our naval friend Hunter of fair Burnside,  
 By age has forsaken the great ocean wide;  
 But now he's resolved to act here on land,  
 Whose son in the service is in high command.  
 Bold Douglas of Brighton in arms appears,  
 As captain of Fencible brave Volunteers;  
 All enter'd to serve in Great Britain around,  
 In Jersey and Guernsey, and fair Irish ground.  
 His only son also, a gallant young man,  
 Is now in the army to favour our plan.  
 The Laird of Kincaldrum's a friend to the cause,  
 And loves our fam'd liberty, freedom and laws;  
 And while he stands up for the government here,  
 His three sons abroad in the service appear;  
 First, two in the army and one at the sea,  
 All young men of courage and true loyaltie.  
 The Laids of Balmadies, Affleck, and some more,  
 With brave captain Kinloch, all soldiers before,  
 Command Angus regiment of fine Volunteers,  
 Which now fit for service, thro' Britain appears.  
 Experienc'd Gardyn of Middleton too,  
 With Guthrie, Carse, Craigie, and Fintry so true,  
Are

Are boldly determin'd, with many one more,  
 To act true defenders till peace they restore.  
 Of Militia and Fencibles now there appears  
 A force to defend us, of true Volunteers:  
 So when we've so many, the rest are all free,  
 To go upon service abroad beyond sea;  
 There all our possessions to guard and to keep,  
 While quite from the Indies our foes they will  
 sweep;

And then they will call to Great Britain for peace;  
 Then war with its horrors a long time will cease.  
 Now ev'ry good subject will surely allow,  
 That thanks and great praise to our forces are due,  
 For brav'ry and courage by land and by sea;  
 And Volunteers likewise for serving so free;  
 For never before was seen greater zeal,  
 And so their exertions will surely not fail:  
 And when to Great Britain they've brought peace-  
 ful years,  
 A share of the honour belongs Volunteers.



*On the RIOT at DUNDEE in November 1792.*

O'ER a' Great Britain north an' south,  
 a stir does now appear,  
 About reform in towns an' state,  
 an' liberty most dear.

Concerning this, an' naething mair,  
 a mob met in Dundee,  
 An' cried out, " Liberty, huzza,"  
 an' there set up a tree.

By



Th' unruly lawless multitude  
 to a' excesses ran,  
 By burning barrels, carts, an' chaise,  
 without regard o' man.  
 They thought this wark was doin good,  
 to bring reform in;  
 But it may gar them hae a chance  
 to loss, an' naething win.  
 Sic tricks as thae will be condemn'd  
 by ev'ry man o' sense,  
 And to the constitution friends,  
 it is a gryt offence.  
 'Tis not the way thus to proceed,  
 to redress o' wrong;  
 'Cass for amends sae very soon,  
 it maks the time mair lang.  
 To gar sic rebels keep the law,  
 the fogers came to town;  
 And syne they gard them stand in aw,  
 and pull'd their idol down.  
 The stout dragoons an' highland foot,  
 hae kept them onder fear;  
 Sae for the present all is quiet,  
 an' hope they'll fash nae mair.  
 There's nae substantial honest man  
 will do sic silly tricks;  
 For a' the warst o' fouk rin there,  
 an' fair deserve their licks.  
 Indeed they are asham'd to own  
 wha had in this a share;  
 For never cou'd I meet wi ane  
 wha said that he was there.  
 I on this subject might enlarge,  
 but here the same I'll end,

C

An'

By

An' say nae mair till ance I see  
gin rogues like thae will mend.

---

*An Epistle to some Gentlemen in Dundee, Feb. 1793*

**M**Y friends, I'm surely in your debt,  
And so to pay you here I'm set,  
For your discretion unto me  
The last time I was in Dundee.  
And tho' my payment be but sma,  
'Tis wi good will I gie't awa.  
You'll doubtless think it is a fash  
For to read o'er sic filthie trash:  
Sae for this cause I'll cut right short,  
An' at the best leave aff the sport.  
Likewise I hae but little time;  
For mony back an' mony wime  
Depend on me, and on my wark,  
For a' provision, coat an' fark:  
For I hae bairns and a wife;  
An' we o' riches hinna rise:  
Yet we live middlin on our gain,  
An' gie to ilka ane their ain;  
And ay we strive to be content  
Wi ony state that luck has sent.  
But tho' I'm young, right well I know  
The way o' life 'mong high an' low.  
Now worthy patriot gentlemen,  
I unto you maun turn again;  
An' here my gratefu thanks I gie  
To ane an' a', who gai to me  
Sic usefu books, that please my taste,  
An' tell me truth without a jest.

They

They a'together please me well,  
 An' hit reformers on the heel:  
 Sae now they hinna feet to stand,  
 Nor yet an answer can command.  
 They were a pack o' senseless fools,  
 1793 Wha thought to be the very tools,  
 To change the government by force,  
 And 'stead o' better, make it worse.  
 It surely was an unco thing  
 To hear fouk scandalize the king;  
 And a' for very little fau't,  
 Whilk maks their crime to be mair saut;  
 An' deave the nation wi their din,  
 Which mony way is shame an' sin;  
 An' looks just as they want nae mair  
 To mak a tether but a hair.  
 It seems their state they didna ken,  
 Till they were tell'd by Thomas Pain;  
 Syne heaps o' them appear'd as daft,  
 Which well agreed wi Tammie's craft:  
 For his design, as it appears,  
 Was to set fouk in ither's ears,  
 An' put a' Britain in confusion,  
 By his seditious, base delusion.  
 But now I'm glad 'tis itherways,  
 And us behadin better days;  
 For we again are like to gree,  
 An' beat the common enemy.  
 Now for a' this our thanks is due  
 To patriot men, sic like as you,  
 Wha sent thae worthy books abroad,  
 'To show's the right an' safest road;  
 An' bid us keep frae danger free,  
 'Cass itherways we waur wou'd be:

For now we live in wealth an' peace,  
 An' trade diz flourish and increase:  
 Sae ev'ry ane may soon be rich,  
 Providin for't he hae an itch.  
 But surely it wou'd be a cross,  
 A sad disgrace, and difinal loss!  
 Gin fouk wou'd spoil a nation good,  
 Because their purse is turned proud.  
 Sae let us a' join hand in hand,  
 To chace sedition frae our land;  
 An' live in unity an' peace,  
 An' wi repentance pray for grace:  
 Sae gentlemen I bid adieu,  
 An' wish a' good may follow you.

---

*Character of the French Rulers for 1793, &c.*

**I**F I had pow'r to tune the lyre,  
 I might a song advance,  
 And sound in harsh poetic fire,  
 The rulers rude of France.  
 They put to death their worthy king,  
 Who ne'er desig'n'd them wrong,  
 Which will on them destruction bring,  
 From such a num'rous throng.  
 A throng combin'd of warlike pow'rs,  
 Will surely them pursue,  
 And shut them up in prison tow'rs,  
 Then soon give them their due.  
 On earth they hardly can escape  
 The heavy wrath of God;  
 And after death rewards they'll reap,  
 In endless woe's abode!



To take a view of nations all,  
 E'er since this world began,  
 There's none among them, great or small,  
 More wicked than this one.  
 Their statesmen prove to be the scum  
 Of all Gallia's land ;  
 So in their senate none dares come,  
 That honest mean to stand.  
 There's nought among them but deceit,  
 And plots to play mischief ;  
 Which many one will rue too late,  
 When they'll find no relief.  
 Their state's compos'd of murderers,  
 And vilest parricides ;  
 With robbers and adulterers,  
 And men of all misdeeds :  
 Likewise of thieves to death condemn'd,  
 But by mischance set free ;  
 So if French laws by these were fram'd,  
 O judge what sort they'll be.  
 Altho' the world were search'd around,  
 None could find greater knaves ;  
 For every vice 'mongst them is found,  
 And some old galley slaves.  
 Such vile miscreants and sycophants,  
 Were ne'er together met ;  
 For ev'ry heart for murder pants,  
 'Mong this seditious set.  
 Altho' injur'd, they might have sav'd  
 The christian monarch's life,  
 And then redress, if they'd behav'd,  
 Would come with little strife.  
 For blood oft times again they cry,  
 Till all our way be turn'd,

And do such deeds, none can deny,  
 As Nero would have spurn'd.  
 They're worse than popes or cardinals,  
 Or persecutor's rage.  
 Whose bloody acts disgrace, and fill  
 The true historic page.  
 They are more cruel than infidels,  
 Or blacks in far Indie;  
 And in their land dire slavery dwells,  
 Tho' they boast libertie.  
 Religion and the fear of God,  
 By them are laid aside;  
 And so their liberty's the road  
 To Satan, large and wide.  
 Their words and actions plainly show  
 They mean no future state,  
 And vainly wish that all below  
 May share a brutish fate!  
 They wish that death would put an end  
 To all eternally;  
 And that the soul, as they pretend,  
 Does with the body die.  
 Indeed their crimes have been so great,  
 They hardly can escape;  
 If they'd believe a future state,  
 They'd sure damnation reap.  
 It ne'er was said, that ev'ry one  
 Thro' all their land is rude;  
 But since these troubles first began,  
 The bad o'ershades the good.  
 Yet still a sinner may have hope,  
 As long as he has breath;  
 But some of these have fill'd their cup  
 With sins, alas! of death:

Which

# The

The price an' subject, I am sure,  
 Will answer either rich or poor ;  
 An' diff'rent tastes may here procure  
                                     Something to fit them,  
 An' pass awa an idle hour,  
                                     Gin time permit them.

Your paper's good, an' types are clean,  
 Whilk is gryt favour for our een ;  
 An' mony thing it does contain,  
                                     In usefu story,  
 Whilk proves its name right well to mean  
                                     *Repository.*

What gars me like it still the mair,  
 It dis nae partial party bear,  
 But tells the truth without a fear  
                                     Of ony side ;  
 And if envied, cares not a hair,  
                                     Tho' fools deride.

It might an honest man surprise,  
 That ony ane sud it despise ;  
 But that may gie its worth a hife,  
                                     I mak nae doubt,  
 An' gar it mair in value rise  
                                     A' round about.

Of politics I've little skill,  
 But they were wisest wha sat still ;  
 For some has done our nation ill  
                                     'Bout liberties ;  
 An' they some giddy heads did fill  
                                     Wi heaps o' lies.

Likewise their books did raise debate,  
 Whilk seem'd injurious to the state,

An'



An' gard a' loyal Britons fret  
At fouk uncivil,  
Wha dar'd gae on at sic a rate,  
To foster evil.

That transatlantic, Tamas Pain,  
Our constitution meant to stain;  
But he grew fear'd, an' was right fain  
Awa to rin;  
Sae we'll be deav'd nae mair again  
Wi sic a din.

But now I'm glad we're like to gree,  
An' dire disturbance nae mair prie;  
For we've a government as free  
As ever stood,  
Sae that its like we canna see,  
It is fae good.

• *An Epistle to A. N. Esq. Dundee.*

MY worthy friend, its very lang  
Sin' I gai you a rustic lang,

Or spake by word o' mou;  
But here this piece I gie or send,  
Which in a hurry I hae penn'd,  
On purpose, Sir, to you.

Some o' your books I had a len,  
Which I hae read all o'er;

An' here the same I bring again,  
'Cass I've your word for more.

To you then, is due then,

Some mair than I can pay;

But yet, Sir, you's get, Sir,

My wishes best for ay.

# There's

There's scarce anither in Dundee,  
 So very good an' kind to me,  
     As what yoursel hae been,  
 In lenning books, an' giftin some,  
 As witness warks o' Tamie Thrum,  
     An' mony ither ane :

A' loyal books that people shaw  
 What's wrang an' right to do,  
 Concerning government an' law,  
 An' their obedience due :  
     For mony's chief ronny  
     Was cryin libertie ;  
 But books say, an' fouk say,  
     We canna better be.

Indeed, my friend, I'm truly told,  
 That ye've been lavish o' your gold,  
     To get sic books in print ;  
 An' far an' near they're gratis spread,  
 An' with avidity they're read,  
     An' made men mair content.  
 They hae some giddy people shown,  
 How far they were in wrang ;  
 And as afore they hadna known,  
 They chang'd or ever lang :  
     An' now then are true men,  
     An' think our nation best ;  
 For good ay, an' food ay,  
     They see we're ever blest.

Yet some fierce people o' reform,  
 Hae brought upo' themsels a storm,  
     When in their best sunshine ;  
 An' felon like maun gae awa  
 To uncouth lands, the plough to draw,  
     An' some maun pay a fine :

But

But this is surely a' well ward,  
 For they the gallows wan;  
 But now their schemes are fairly marr'd,  
 Which they sae brisk began.

They thought it, an' wrought it,  
 To get the king dung down;  
 An' rude laws for good laws,  
 They thought to fet up soon.

Sae we hae reason to rejoice,  
 That they dare nae mair mak a noise,  
 To do our country ill:

An' you hae truly play'd your part,  
 An' full display'd a patriot's heart,  
 To mak them calm an' still.

To you the nation muckle owes,  
 An' good king George the fame,  
 For helpin well to thin our foes,  
 Has gain'd you lasting fame.

You've done then aboon then  
 Some men o' twice your pow'r,  
 Wha skrimps ay, an' jimps ay,  
 Mair filler to procure.

But ev'ry ane that money spends  
 On laudable an' usefu ends,

The same will never miss,  
 But wins them mony blessings fair;  
 Syne for bad men they needna care,  
 Fou fair they girn an' hiss.

Sae may you stand the friend of state,  
 As ever yet ye've done,  
 An' live to see our foes defeat,  
 And us triumphant soon.

Adieu

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That heaps o' fouk are grown fae fierce,  
An' backward drawn,

That they a' loyal hearts wou'd pierce,  
They are fae thrawn.

When they sud wish our arms suceefs,  
An' mourn when they meet dire distrefs,  
They a' rejoice, as they confess,

At our defeat;  
An' by their words an' wickedness  
They prove their hate.

Now when the French a smatter win,  
They add to it wi muckle din;  
But when defeat, an' forc'd to rin,  
They're silent sad,

An' nearly like to rive their skin,  
They are so mad.

But when our forces gain the day,  
It flings them into deep dismay,  
An' gars them mourn, an' mint, an' fay,

"What will we do?"  
"The tyrant kings hae won the play  
"Gin this be true."

We see success diz tradin good,  
An' fair defeat spoils it an' blood,  
Yet strange to think reformers rude  
The ill do share;

But they're fae pridefu, poor and proud,  
They dinna care.

O sirs, it's wonderfu to hear,  
Fou bizzie bodies mock an' jeer,  
An' wi' their nonsense mak a stir,  
To their ain hurt;

For curns o' them hae paid fu dear  
For siccan sport.

Th D What

What follows here is something odd;  
 Malicious lies they spread abroad;  
 An' mair mischief still on they bod,  
                                     Which nane can see,  
 An' say that we like slaves are load,  
                                     Tho' nane's fae free.

But lat nae bodie them believe;  
 At ficcan tales we needna grieve,  
 But only a' sic like receive

                                    As bathrin buff;  
 Sae for them a' we needna give  
                                     A single snuff.

Sic fouk as thae are surely mad,  
 Or they wou'd never done fae bad;  
 But some o' them may now look sad,  
                                     'Cass our good law

Has wi them now some counties ca'd,  
                                     An' gard them draw.

But we expect they'll mak less din,  
 For they are now right fair hem'd in,  
 As magistrates an' royals rin

                                    To pick them up,  
 An' thus their number now is thin,  
                                     An' fu's their cup.

Auld Reekie's rulers played their part,  
 An' shou'd a loyal patriot heart;  
 Wi little din an' muckle art

                                    They caus'd a flittin,  
 An' gard the mock convention smart  
                                     For their lang sittin.

Now let a' nations lessons tak,  
 An' shun the ills o' sic a pack;  
 An' may a' rulers prove as snack

                                    As yon hae been,

To drive sic rebel villans back,  
 An' clear their een.

---

*The Hotch Potch Reformers ; or,  
 The law-breakers turn'd peace-makers.*

OF politicks we've heard an' seen,  
 To deave our ears an' tire our een,  
 As muckle done in twa'r three years  
 As in some twenty—true appears :  
 An' some on this side, some on that,  
 They've lavish'd out their cankert chat.

Soon after yon fierce fouk o' France  
 Did in their wicked ways advance,  
 Some worthless rebel bodies here,  
 Began to love them very dear,  
 An' vindicate their evil plan,  
 An' say, " Sic ills are rights o' man ;"  
 Sae wicked ways, however rude,  
 Are followt aft afore the good.  
 Not being pleas'd wi leave to crack,  
 But they wou'd now begin to act,  
 An' change the government anew,  
 An' act like kings—this filthy crew.  
 An' first to get their plans made out,  
 They spread their lies a' round about  
 In books an' pamphlets, mony ane,  
 An' fouk unwary soon were ta'en ;  
 An' when they fand they durstna print,  
 Their verbal words sow'd discontent :  
 But yet o' this they little made,  
 For now wi truth their tongues are laid ;

For better fouk hae bizzie been  
 To set's a' right, an' ope our een :  
 Sae ev'ry simple bodie fees,  
 An' dizna now believe sic lies.

To name them a' in rustic sang  
 'Twou'd lengthen out the tale too lang,  
 But a' may ken in British lands  
 What rogues hae done, wi tongue an' hands,  
 To get our happy state dung down,  
 To raise a bauble o' their own;  
 Syne riot on the nation's spoil,  
 An' fruits of honest people's toil :  
 But thanks to Him, the great first cause,  
 An' second, to our whosoever laws  
 An' rulers a', who took sic care  
 To keep us frae the bloody snare;  
 For foes at hame hae got a check,  
 An' some hae paid for't wi their neck.  
 Some curns o' them are kend thro' a',  
 In ev'ry place, baith gryt an' sma,  
 An' tho' there binna mony here,  
 We a' might wis nane were sae near.

Dundee, a town of ancient fame,  
 That bore a loyal warlike name,  
 Has now been tinctur'd wi this ill,  
 But got na leave to wirk its will;  
 For a' the better part stood true,  
 An' kept in aw the worthless few.  
 In Charlie's time sow firm it stood,  
 Till a' its streets ran red wi blood!  
 An' when reduc'd to very few,  
 Was storm'd by the rebel crew:  
 So were the like to come again,  
 The town wou'd no be ealy ta'en;

For



For tho' some there are ill design'd,  
 The grytest ha'f are well inclin'd.  
 But here the fouk are scarce to blame  
 Because some leaders, to their shame,  
 Hae led the people far astray  
 In that new-fangl'd, wicked way.  
 Twa 'stablish'd anes are ca'd the chief,  
 Ane banish'd now, and ane relief;  
 An' 'tis believ'd thae four—now three,  
 Hae been the cause that spoilt Dundee:  
 For ministers hae muckle weight  
 To set the people wrang or right.  
 They spread sedition thro' the town,  
 An' good state measures they cried down:  
 Yea ridicul'd each kingly plan,  
 To imitate the rights o' man.  
 Of public fasts they mak a mock,  
 An' say that God it may provoke,  
 To fast and pray against his will,  
 To grant success for siccan ill;  
 For ay they've thought the war unjust,  
 Because their friends by it are crusht:  
 Or rather that they mean t' oppose  
 Each plan which statesmen may propose.  
 They in their kirks hae muckle said,  
 An' itherways their thoughts are spread,  
 Which plainly show they are the men  
 That do our government disdain.  
 O strange! that ministers o' peace  
 Sud their great master thus disgrace,  
 As turn the pu'pit and his word  
 For politicks, to mak discord.  
 When he in this low world was,  
 He paid respect to kings an' laws,

An' left commands for all t' obey  
 The higher pow'rs, an' tribute pay:  
 Syne surely 'tis a preacher's due  
 To prove their Saviour's sayings true,  
 An' bring them home to save the soul,  
 An' no' like rebels girn an' gowl.  
 But let them first reform themsel,  
 An' sinners on the way to hell;  
 'Twill do mair good, which nane can hate,  
 Than by reformin o' the state.  
 They a' were kend for preachers good,  
 An' mony lang their fames might stood,  
 Had they not wandert frae the way,  
 An' led their people far astray,  
 Which maks a blot upo their name,  
 An' surely is baith sin an' shame.  
 Some say "That thing is surely true  
 " Which ministers baith say an' do,  
 " For holy men o' sic a weight  
 " Are surely always in the right :"  
 Sae their example, good or ill,  
 Does likely prove effective still.  
 But tho' thae men hae prov'd untrue,  
 I'm glad that equals they hae few;  
 For clergymen o' ev'ry kind  
 Thro' Scotia's land, are well inclin'd.  
 Of a' who public birdens bear,  
 The ministers hae least to fear;  
 For they hae livings good we see,  
 An' frae some taxes they are free :  
 For ane I ken, they dinna pae,  
 The window lights, an' twa'r three mae;  
 Sae a' who do sic fessins use  
 Hae very sma, or nae excuse.

The

The next in order in this fang,  
 Are some companions very thrang,  
 Wha in the book line hae a trade,  
 A' deeply lear'd—but little read.  
 Sometimes indeed seditious books  
 Are to be seen in a' their cleuks,  
 An' mony ane o' them they fell'd,  
 Till they to quit them were compell'd.  
 Fouk wonder fow they pass'd sae lang,  
 For in that trade they were right thrang;  
 An' set them aff wi sic a praise,  
 As nane were better in our days.  
 They publish'd too, some piece by Paine,  
 An' spread it far in hopes o' gain;  
 But here they were a wee deceiv'd,  
 For very little they receiv'd,  
 An' were so fear'd, they wou'dna crave,  
 An' for snuff paper gade the leave;  
 Sae they were glad to bear the loss,  
 An' silent be, for fear o' cross.  
 Now a' within their power they've done  
 To get the nation ravel'd soon;  
 But yet indeed they're fairly dung,  
 In spite o' their malicious tongue.

To thae we mony mae cou'd name,  
 But they're so worthless, senseless, lame,  
 An' fu o' faurs—no' worth our pains  
 To ware on them the warst o' strains;  
 For sic a hotch potch ne'er was seen,  
 O' raggamuffins poor an' mean,  
 Join'd to a few o' better sort,  
 Wha thought o' kings to mak their sport.  
 But disappointed in their views,  
 They ither plans begin to use:

Tho'

Tho' they afore our laws did brak,  
 They're now begun a peace to mak,  
 An' call'd their meetings for this end;  
 Syne aff petitions they did send,  
 To tell the king an' government,  
 That ill the nation was content,  
 To carry on this wicked war,  
 Which a' good ways an' trade does mar;  
 And as it Christians doth disgrace,  
 They piously do pray for peace:  
 But their petition was fill'd fu  
 O' forged names—therefore untrue.  
 But a' this only proves their hate,  
 To fetter an' to plague the state;  
 For wha but cow'ards wou'd be so mad  
 As seek for peace wi fouk sic bad;  
 For if they fand us fond to gree,  
 They'd be bad terms that they wou'd gie.  
 But let our rulers do their best  
 To mak our enemies distrest,  
 An' never mind our carpin fools,  
 Wha cry for peace as Gallic tools;  
 Syn when our foreign foes are beat,  
 They'll gladly seek wi us to treat:  
 Sae this will prove the only plan,  
 An' doubtless please each honest man.  
 Sae a' our foes, I hope, will soon  
 Be forc'd to change their former tune,  
 An' wars in proper time will cease,  
 Syne we'll be blest wi lasting peace.

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*An Epistle on National Prejudices.*

**M**Y friends, we sure may think it strange,  
 To see in Scotia sic a change,  
 That ay sae loyal was an' true  
 In ev'ry age,—except a few  
 In that rebellious year fifteen,  
 An' forty-five—some were sae mean  
 As join a wild an' worthless clan,  
 Wha forc'd awa each single man;  
 Sae bein ta'en against their will,  
 Does mak the faut no' quit sic ill;  
 But I believe this very day  
 That fouk are worse in mind than they:  
 It's true they've not appear'd in arms,  
 But itherways they've done gryt harms.  
 Wi a' their pow'r a stir they mak,  
 In hopes our plans to counteract;  
 For fouk an' ways they truly hate  
 That mean to stand the friends o' state.  
 The very fogers they disdain,  
 Wha for their sakes do suffer pain,  
 In fighting for their peace an' laws,  
 Which ought to gain them great applause;  
 Yet some fouk here wou'd cut their throat,  
 But sic sud a' be hang'd or shot;  
 For they are traitors ane an' a'  
 Wha wou'd resist baith king an' law.  
 Their neepers too they greatly hate,  
 Wha mean to arm for the state;  
 An' tho' they darna do them ill,  
 They girn an' laugh an' carp their fill,  
 When ony bodie they perceive  
 That means to guard against a knave.

Indeed

Indeed they're little better here,  
 For some amo them laugh an' jeer,  
 Because a little mark I've got  
 To wear about my upper coat,  
 Which shows I am for king an' law,  
 And in their cause my sword wou'd draw.  
 When in the fame I went to kirk,  
 Reformers teeth began to jirk,  
 And O as they did laugh an' stare  
 As gin I'd been a wonder there;  
 But still I sat unmov'd an bold,  
 As gin I'd been bedeck'd wi gold:  
 But 'stead o' sic contempt'ous looks,  
 'T wou'd been as right to us'd their books;  
 For sint a hair I'm sure care I,  
 Altho' they scorn me till they dy;  
 For tho' they mock an' use despite,  
 An' fair may girn, they darna bite.  
 I'm not aham'd to wear the claife  
 In which I'd fearless face my faes;  
 For frae that cause I'll never flench  
 That means to counteract the French,  
 And a' their needy hirelins here,  
 Wha French confusion love sae dear.

When I went down neist to Dundee,  
 The rebels there wha did me see,  
 Began to laugh an' mak their fun,  
 An' each set aff some pawky pun  
 About the country volunteer;  
 An' wi their tales they gai a sneer,  
 Which show'd to me they were the pest  
 O' rebel rogues that winna rest;  
 For tho' I dinna ken their name,  
 Their actions say they are the same.

I was a neeper's errant sent  
 To yon book-shop, so in I went,  
 To seek a list o' aunction books,  
 There I encounter'd scornfu looks;  
 An' wha was there fae grave an' sad?  
 But little carlie—dyfter ca'd:  
 The master syne and he began,  
 An' said I was a foolish man,  
 To let mysel be led astray  
 In sic a dang'rous evil way;  
 Sae from the same I soon sud flee  
 'Cass ills unkend might come on me.  
 I answert thus, "I'm not afraid,"  
 Sae took my leave an' aff I gade.  
 I thought that Satan uses wiles,  
 An' mony bodie aft beguiles;  
 Sae they like him were fair an' flee,  
 An' try'd to mak their kind o' me.  
 Their brither bockman's cracks I heard;  
 For at a friend o' mine he spierd  
 What now was in my mind ava?  
 For me upon the street he saw,  
 An' wore a blue red recket coat—  
 An' that I'd play'd mysel a prot,  
 For which I sure sometime wou'd rue  
 When aristocrats got their due.  
 Thus a' their kind fouk well may ken,  
 By their still carpin in the strain  
 Against the government an' law,  
 An' our good king an' servants a'.  
 But a' their anger, without doubt,  
 Is 'cass their schemes are a' foun out;  
 And a' the best o' gryt an' sma  
 Being join'd to keep them onder a';

Sae

Sae when they see a red coat neck  
 It minds them new they've got a check.  
 But they wou'd a' be pleas'd to see  
 A French red cap an' colours three;  
 Yet they wou'd soon hae cause to rue,  
 If onder that tyrannic crew;  
 For people now for novels range,  
 An' ay wou'd like to hae a change.

Our country now is grown so good,  
 That fouk wi ease are turn'd so rude,  
 They kenna what to say or do  
 Against the things they best sud loo.  
 But these are a' the worthless kind,  
 An' snarlin curs fouk needna mind;  
 For aft we've heard the by-word, this,  
 That, "Colly's tongue nae scandal is."  
 Sae this is ay the way o' me,  
 I gae an' come, whaever see;  
 An' gin I do nae bodie ill,  
 I'm surely free to tak my will;  
 An' what I please I'll ever wear,  
 And only ane I'll truly fear;  
 An' for that king to whom I've sworn  
 I'll truly stand, whoever scorn;  
 And tho' I wear my ain blue coat,  
 The king's o' red I'd think nae blot.

Now I wifs health an' ev'ry good  
 To a' that stoutly stand,  
 Against reformin rebels rude,  
 Wha spoil our happy land.



*The King's Birth-day Described;**Or, The Transactions at Dundee, June 4, 1795.*

YE British patriots hark an' hear,  
 Wha love your country ever dear,  
 Till I some hamely strains display  
 On good king Geordie's natal day.  
 A' loyal subjects keep this birth  
 Wi' festive joy an' pleasant mirth,  
 At least in ev'ry burrows town  
 An' village large, the nation roun'.  
 This custom lang has been in use,  
 An' wnen perform'd without abuse  
 It maks a cheerfu' social time,  
 Which pleases a' the senses prime:  
 And as the people take delight,  
 An' pleasure at this annual sight,  
 It shews them loyal subjects a',  
 An' pleas'd wi government an' law,  
 An' to their king, o' whom they're vain,  
 They wis a lang, an' happy reign.

'Twas celebrated at Dundee  
 Wi muckle mirth an' gladfom glee,  
 By a' the best of honest men,  
 While ithers show'd their dour disdain.  
 The morning o' that joyful day  
 The trades their colours did display,  
 And a' the shippin did the same  
 As prospect o' some future game.  
 That day a new sight there appears,  
 An' that's the Dundee Volunteers

E

A' neatly

A' neatly drest,—wi arms bright,  
 Each like a vet'ran warlike wight.  
 They had red necks on coats o' blue,  
 And up in rank and order drew,  
 Syne like brave fogers a' ga fire  
 In honour o' their sovereign fire:  
 An' they already hae the knack  
 O' best o' fogers maist exact,  
 An' this for truth may be put down,  
 They've honour'd baith themsels an' town.  
 The tither fogers vollies shot,  
 As if engag'd in action hot;  
 An' common people powder spent,  
 But curns o' them wi' ill intent,  
 As mony bodie there mith see  
 That to this tale will doubtless gree.  
 The bells were rung at afternoon,  
 An' mirthfu music sounded soon  
 O' mony kind, wi lively joy,  
 In spite o' ev'ry base annoy.  
 To close the day ilk ane convene'd  
 To tak' a bottle wi his friend,  
 Syne mony loyal toast went round,  
 An' George's health was aft the sound:  
 Thus loyal subjects play'd their part,  
 Which stung each vile deceitfu heart;  
 For sic were a' displeas'd to see  
 So much unfeign'd true loyaltie.  
 Sae wi fall turn an' tak a view  
 O' that despitefu evil crew,  
 Wha wou'da turn'd that happy day  
 Frae harmless fun to bloody play.  
 In days like this, thae kind are keen  
 To play mischief, is ever seen;

Tho'

Tho' ca'd reformers by their cracks,  
 They're rather rebels by their acts;  
 For they mean ev'ry evil thing  
 Against the goverment an' king,  
 And ilka ane wha stands his ground,  
 They wou'dna grudge to kill or wound.  
 It's true they darna venture far,  
 Yet silly tricks shaw what they are:  
 That day they cou'dna do mair ill  
 But only people's claife to spill,  
 For when they saw a volunteer  
 They sleely followt in the rear,  
 An' when a proper aim they got  
 They threw a splatch upon his coat,  
 Syne ran awa' as fast's they cou'd  
 An' hide themselves amo' the crowd;  
 Or else a close so ne wou'd run down,  
 Sae nane cou'd see, or ken the lown.  
 They were still worse to countrymen,  
 For they each other didna ken,  
 Which made the rascals no' sae fear'd;  
 Sae ony red neck was besmear'd  
 That chanc'd to single be that day,  
 Near closes, lanes, or narrow way.  
 But they were worse when nearly night,  
 For this was favour for their flight,  
 For tho' they're bent to play mischief  
 They're forc'd to act like any thief;  
 For well they ken, we needna doubt,  
 They'd suffer fair, if right foun out.  
 Wi me it little better far'd,  
 For in a crowd I was ensnar'd,  
 And e'er I well cou'd mak escape  
 My coat had need to get a scrape;

An' frae a trusty volunteer  
 I got assistance to get clear;  
 An' tho' he suffer'd less than me,  
 He didna pass entirely free,  
 For nasty gutters, dirt, or dung,  
 In filthy films around were flung;  
 Sae fouk may ken by siccan sport,  
 The actors were a silly sort.  
 I had nae thought of ony ill,  
 But careles wauk't the street at will,  
 Syne in a moment I met wi  
 That worthless band that shame Dundee.  
 But fouk sud ever be prepar'd,  
 An' keep a kind o' constant guard,  
 For nane can ken where e'er they go,  
 But friends, now days may be a foe:  
 An' 'tis allow'd by law an' sense  
 To do our best in self-defence.  
 I canna say I was affraid,  
 Tho' mony idle lie was made;  
 An' tho' my coat receiv'd a clort,  
 I'm thankfu that I wizna hurt.

Tho' thae were noughty childish tricks,  
 For which they fair deserv'd their licks,  
 Yet some were mair in faut than they  
 Altho' they warna in the fray:  
 They for sic ways were rather nice,  
 Yet a' was done by their advice,  
 Sae ev'ry bodie this believes,  
 That a' receipts are waur than thieves.  
 Now after a' as I did see  
 They fash'd wi better fouk than me,  
 An' sure they wou'd done muckle ill,  
 Had they got leave to tak their will.

The



The magistrates are honest men,  
 And a' disorder do disdain,  
 An' soon wou'd made the rogues to rue  
 Gin they'd foun witneses a few;  
 For Britain's laws are a' fae good,  
 They spare the vilest villain's blood,  
 Till proper proof aright appear  
 To prove his guilt or set him clear.  
 Yet thae good laws that us secure,  
 An' guard alike the rich an' poor,  
 Wou'd a' at ance be tumbl'd down  
 By ev'ry robbin rebel lown.  
 It's surely strange that people free  
 Sud be restrain'd from libertie,  
 To wauk the streets at ony time,  
 When they're not guilty of a' crime;  
 An' be insulted by a mob  
 Whose only aim's to kill an' rob.  
 To gae about fouk's ain affairs,  
 And in their way to find sic snares  
 Is surely hard, in British land,  
 Where law an' justice can command;  
 An' where sic ways are not kept down,  
 They bring dishonour on the town.  
 Now here a question may arise,  
 Which a' may ken without surprize:  
 Do e'er the friends o' government,  
 As individuals thus resent,  
 Or yet insult, by night or day  
 The rude reformers ony way?  
 I truly think they never did,  
 Or gin they had, 'twou'd not been hid;  
 An' tho' disputes no doubt hae been,  
 They're ay the first aggressors keen;

An' tho' they baith hae argued warm,  
 They never did their bodies harm;  
 An' tho' the tongue may muckle say,  
 Ha'dd aff the hands is fairest play.  
 Thus never did the friends o' state  
 Do mair to them, except debate,  
 An' them advis'd frae ill to cease,  
 An' live in unity an' peace.  
 But they upon the other hand,  
 Hae broken ev'ry natural band:  
 They've rais'd disputes 'tween man an' wife,  
 An' mony way they've kindl'd strife—  
 Made best o' neighbours disagree,  
 An' prove each other's enemie.  
 They publish'd lies of ony kind,  
 That wou'd enflame the public mind;  
 An' trae seditious seed they saw'd  
 A crap was ready to be maw'd;  
 For they design'd to try the chance  
 O' yon foul fiends, that favourt France  
 Wi liberty, an' new reform,  
 Which hae done a' the world harm;  
 For ev'ry state was in a flame,  
 An' eager for the bloody game.

But thanks to heav'n, our guardian sure,  
 Which keeps us frae sic hellish power,  
 For gin they were to get their will  
 Our state wou'd syne be fearfu ill;  
 An' but a short time wou'd be run  
 When we'd be utterly undone,  
 An' never, never mair wou'd see  
 On earth again sic libertie.  
 The forgers o' sic plans sae sad  
 Are surely heathens daft an' mad,

For it appears they hinna shame;  
 An' fair disgrace the christian name,  
 For ways were never seen fae rude  
 The whole lang time the warld has stood;  
 An' gin they getna soon a turn,  
 Their land fae desolate may mourn,  
 For ne'er was felt sic cruel rage  
 In the most ancient, heathen age.  
 They're like a herd o' savage beasts,  
 That never will from evil cease,  
 Till to an end grim death them bring,  
 By sword or famine, ax or string.  
 O strange to think that christian men  
 Wou'd imitate sic scenes o' pain!  
 Or vindicate fae muckle ill,  
 Which ony bodie's blood may chill.  
 They rather might a beacon be  
 To keep us frae sic danger free,  
 But frail man will ne'er be wise  
 While last the sun an' moon an' skies!

When sic bad principles are rise,  
 An' fouk in danger o' their life,  
 A' loyal subjects sud agree  
 To arm for king an' libertie,  
 An' try to keep sic errors down,  
 An' never mind a rebel's frown;  
 For sure we've muckle at the stake,  
 Sae we sud venture for that sake;  
 And tho' we suffer fair for good,  
 Or loss likewise our precious blood,  
 'Tis surely in a glorious cause,  
 Religion, liberty an' laws;  
 For these to Britons sure are dear,  
 An' to defend them winna fear:

For

And

And if we trust in heav'n above,  
 An' strive to gain our maker's love,  
 He'll be our help and only guard,  
 An' gie our foes their due reward;  
 For tho' the bad may stand a time,  
 They must atone for ev'ry crime,  
 An' soon or late they're forc'd to fa'  
 An' pay respect to heav'n's law,  
 Which will not alter, mend or brak  
 Tho' here the best they cut an' hack.  
 When we good earthly laws obey  
 We some regard to heav'n's pay;  
 For gin we brak the laws o' man;  
 We're sure to hurt the other one.  
 Sae if we keep divine commands  
 We'll never brak our lawful bands,  
 But live contented wi our lot,  
 Which is the best that can be got.

May heaven keep's frae lawless rage,  
 Which now pervades this giddy age;  
 And may the troubl'd nations cease,  
 An' change frae war to lasting peace,  
 An' never mair begin sic broils,  
 At which the thoughtfu mind recoils;  
 Sae may we learn frae ithers frays,  
 'To do the best, an' shun their ways.

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*A Poem on the Mobs at Dundee and Perth in 1795.*

IN August month—year ninety-five,  
 The people here began to strive,  
 An' no behave that very well,  
 An' their pretence was want o' meal;

But



But mony time they hae been waur  
 And no so muckle din by far;  
 For some we ken wha made a steer  
 Had meal to fair them ha'f a year;  
 An' some again we need na doubt  
 Were very near, or fairly out;  
 But yet they better might behav'd,  
 An' muckle din an' trouble sav'd;  
 For meal at that time wizna scant,  
 And in the marcat was nae want:  
 But they, it seems, began to fear  
 It wou'd turn scarce an' very dear,  
 And wou'd'na lat a peck awa  
 To help a needy friend ava.  
 It seems the English had great need,  
 For they had little meal or bread,  
 And in some parts they rais'd gryt mobs,  
 Which in the end turn'd bloody jobs;  
 For mobin is a dang'rous thing  
 That law an' justice down diz fling.  
 But magistrates they hae the pow'r  
 To use a' means that peace procure;  
 Sae they call'd fogers to their aid,  
 Wha 'mongst the mobers havoc made;  
 For heaps o' them they made to fa'  
 Who broke the peace an' scorn'd the law.  
 Instead o' fouk being warn'd here  
 Frae sic mischanters to keep clear,  
 They rather prov'd to them a spur  
 To follow those ilk foot an' fur.  
 The worthless people o' the town,  
 An' ithers too, their equals roun'  
 Conveen'd the gither a' to mob,  
 Or rather we may say to rob,

An'

An' for the space o' twa'r three days,  
 They carried on their lawless ways.  
 They rummag'd a' where thro' the town,  
 An' sought it up an' likewise down,  
 An' where they fand provision kind;  
 They us'd it as they had a mind.  
 Some country carts were also seiz'd.  
 Which o' their birdens soon were eas'd.  
 Gin they had ony meal or grain,  
 Or, cheese or butter—meat for men;  
 And tho' they paid a kind o' price,  
 About the same they warn a nice;  
 For in the time o' sic a steer  
 We needna' think they wou'd pay dear;  
 An' some nae doubt had run awa'  
 An' hardly paid a price ava.  
 They seiz'd a vessel at the shore  
 An' plundert her of a' her store,  
 An' cut an' took her sails awa'  
 Syne in triumph cried out Huzza.  
 Authority they wou'dna own,  
 But seem'd as masters o' the town.  
 Altho' the rulers try'd them fair,  
 They never a whit the better were;  
 An' syne the riot act was read,  
 Which yet as little virtue had.  
 It no w remain'd without neglect  
 To use the means 'twou'd hae effect,  
 An' that's the military force,  
 Which out was brought—baith foot an' horse,  
 An' first, the volunteers came forth  
 Like season'd heroes o' great worth,  
 An' rendevous'd a' near the hall;  
 Syne in came Dudhope's sogers all;

But

But as they hadna will to fire  
 The mob as yet did not retire,  
 But I believe grew rather mair,  
 An' said sic lenience was thro' fear:  
 But gin they play the like again  
 I doubt they winna be so vain.  
 Now when the horse frae Perth came down  
 They made some order in the town.  
 They did some minutes warnin gie  
 That a' frae danger might keep free;  
 An' syne awa' they briskly rade,  
 An' after them the footmen gade,  
 A' rank't in order and array,  
 Syne very soon they clear'd the way;  
 For when the horse began to prance  
 The bodies ran t' avoid mischance;  
 An' closes, hols, an' ilka bore  
 Were fill'd so fu they'd hadd no more;  
 An' o' their safety were so vain  
 They sleely teetit out again;  
 An' tho' the horsemen drew their swords  
 They never toucht thae silly cow'rds,  
 Wha frae their lurkin places drew  
 An' at the fogers stanes they threw,  
 Which hit a man—likewise a horse,  
 But fortune made them little worse.

Thus ended here this foul affray  
 Without a life bein ta'en away,  
 Which at the first appearance had  
 That muckle slaughter wou'd been made.  
 But tho' the fogers sav'd the lives  
 O' some rebellious men an' wives,  
 They mony idle tale hae tell'd,  
 'Cals heaps o' people werna fell'd.

They

They said the mob was o' sic force  
 They cou'd a murder'd man an' horse;  
 But thae were only words o' wind,  
 For had the fogers been inclin'd  
 They'd kill'd, or ta'en them ilka ane,  
 An' swept the streets o' mobbers clean,  
 But things were ordert for our good,  
 Sae thanks to him wha sav'd our blood.  
 Now when the town was hush'd in peace,  
 Some villains durstna show their face;  
 For bein' guilty, aff they ran  
 As foremost in this fustom' plan:  
 An' ithir three wha did maist wrong  
 Were ta'en an' put in prison strong,  
 And after lyin there a while  
 Were banisht frae this happy isle:  
 For if examples werna made,  
 'Twou'd spirit up this lawless trade.

Now leavin this, we'll turn to Perth,  
 For there it seems were want an' dearth;  
 Sae when the horse came to Dundee  
 At peace they wou'd nae langer be;  
 For gin the same were well awa'  
 They laid aside the fear o' law,  
 And a' the time they werna slack;  
 But soon the horse again were back;  
 For things being settl'd at Dundee  
 They west the country fast did flee,  
 An' bein join'd by volunteers  
 They conquer'd soon the mutineers;  
 For they it seems were very bauld  
 An' mean'dna easy to be quell'd,  
 And o' resistance made a show,  
 Yet they did yield without a blow;

An'



An' surely this was for their good,  
 An' fav'd effusion o' their blood,  
 For a' the fogers were so snâk  
 They did some leaders pris'ners mak';  
 An' frae the rest they ane did wrench  
 An' sent him aff to mob the French:  
 Thus endet here this boastin riot,  
 And all again appear'd as quiet.

Now mobbin is against the law  
 Is surely kend by gryt an' sina,  
 Yet strange that fouk will not forbear  
 And o' its punishment hae fear.  
 It's true the love o' life is strong  
 An' mostly a' wou'd like it long,  
 Sae few wou'd ony laws observe  
 Were they in silence forc'd to starve;  
 But tho' the times look something sad  
 I hope they'll never be so bad.

Now for some comfort to the poor,  
 And a' wha maun their meat procure,  
 The law is also on their side  
 If by the same they wou'd abide.  
 Gin ony person sud forestall,  
 Or victual keep to save its fall  
 In times o' scarcity and dearth  
 They can be punisht on this earth;  
 For we hae acts against sic ways  
 As Forbes and Mackenzie says.  
 But fouk wha mob sud patience hae,  
 An' to a judge an' lawyer gae,  
 Or magistrates in burrows towns  
 An' they'll gie justice in their bouns;  
 For gin they ken o' corn or meal  
 That ony bodie dis conceal,

An' very well the same cou'd spare,  
 They'll gar them wi their neepers share,  
 And to the marcat make them come  
 That ilka bodie may get some;  
 An' sure that is the better way  
 An' gies to a' the fairest play.

But now we'll turn the tale again,  
 An' ilka side discover plain.  
 Some foolish people in good times  
 Are guilty o' right silly crimes:  
 When meal is large an' little price  
 The town's fouk are extremely nice,  
 Especially the poorer sort,  
 They wou'd gie ony bodie sport;  
 For tho' they want but ha'f a peck  
 They maun try ilka pock an' sack,  
 An' up an' down the marcat gae,  
 An' fint a puckle will they hae  
 Till ev'ry meal an' price they see,  
 An' maistly a' they're sure to price;  
 An' gin it dinna fit their taste  
 They spit it out in angry haste.  
 They're just as ill, and rather worse  
 Wi' people's butter at the corse,  
 For wi a shillin or baubie  
 They ilka bodie's butter prie,  
 An gin their taste it dinna fit  
 The same again they out do spit;  
 Syne by the country wives they're curst,  
 Wha pray the auld chield may them burst:  
 But fouk wou'd think to see their claife  
 They wou'dna be sic ill to please;  
 But want o' breedin an' good sense  
 May be the cause o' this offence.

But

But fouk sud ay their temper keep  
 Be victual dear, or be it cheap,  
 An' trust to providence's laws,  
 For men are but the second cause;  
 An' fouk content in middlin ways  
 Live happy, happy a' their days.

---

*An Address to the British Poets.*

" Have Christian bards no nobler themes,  
 To decorate their odes,  
 Than Jove, Mars, Juno, Venus, names,  
 And heaps of Pagan Gods?"

**T**O British Poets ane an' a',  
 Baith auld an' young, an' gryt an' sma,  
 I've written this in hopes to draw  
                                 Frae you attention,  
 Unto a subject I'm to shaw,  
                                 An' shortly mention.  
 There's some things in your writtins fine  
 Ye doubtless think may gar them shine;  
 But sic a thought grees no wi mine,  
                                 For as I think,  
 They're hardly in the christian line  
                                 Or on its brink.  
 You've maistly a' this slavish mode,  
 In naming ilka heathen God;  
 Likewise the place o' their abode,  
                                 An' to them gies  
 A deal of honours very odd  
                                 Whilk are gryt lies.  
 There's heaps o' them did ne'er exist,  
 Or gin they were, cou'd not assist,  
 Nor do sic actions I insist

As Poets feinzie;  
 Sae let them a' depart in mist,  
 This uselefs meinzie.  
 The muses nine ye a' invoke,  
 Whilk surely is naething but mock,  
 And is near like to worship stock,  
 Or ony stane;  
 An' wha diz sae commands hae broke  
 Or I'm mista'en.  
 Idol'atrie, 'tis very like  
 Wi' siccan names to hae a fike,  
 An' idolize a filthy bike  
 O' heathen fables;  
 Sae Poets a' now brak the dike  
 An' turn the tables.  
 Now very few a rhyme will mak  
 But this auld method still they tak,  
 An' stick to it like ony aet  
 Enforc'd by law;  
 But I expect, frae this time back  
 You'll frae't withdraw.  
 In Homer's days it was less ill,  
 Or yet in Horace or Virgill,  
 But scripture now, it does instill  
 In us things better;  
 Sae this our minds fud guard an' fill  
 'Gainst sic a matter.  
 Lat a fling by this heathen clafs,  
 Wi her that's ca'd the comic las,  
 Just for a nasty uselefs mas  
 of idle tales;  
 An' never mind the mount Parnafs,  
 Tho' subject fails.  
 In makin rhyme I wou'dna gie



For a' their help, an ill baubie;  
No for the whole mythologie

O' heathen gods,  
An' goddeses, wi furies three,  
They mak nae odds.

I may be safe my lugs to pand,  
That very few within the land  
The ha'f o' thae things onderstand  
That poets use :

This gars the vulgar tak in hand  
Them to disroos.

Tho' fouk them better onderstood,  
'Their memories wou'd need be good,  
To keep in mind fow they allude  
An' what they mean ;

For at the best they're very rude,  
An' pow'r hae nane.

Gin ye think serious soon you'll ken,  
That a' sic fables are profane,  
And no' becomin christian men

In gospel times;  
Sae turn frae them now wi disdain  
In makin rhimes.

In things o' the historic kind,  
There's little ill to use your mind,  
But nane sud ever be inclin'd

To use a fessin,  
That gars them bow to idols blind  
An' seek a lesson.

Gin ye on this wou'd ance reflect,  
I hope sic names syne you'll neglect,  
For I'd hae this to tak effect

On gryt and sma;  
For tho' they're fauts, I bear respect

To poets a'.  
 Instead o' ilk uncertain thing  
 That a' our poets fairly sting,  
 You sud tak in the men wha ring  
     In hist'ry true;  
 For mod'rn times the heathen ding  
     In arts nae few.  
 I think you may bide nearer hame,  
 For we've haen mony worthy name,  
 Baith poets, artists, men o' fame,  
     An' authors good;  
 Sae namin them's a better scheme  
     Than fables rude.  
 Might it not answer full as well  
 To mention ony clever chiel',  
 Wha made our enemies to wheel  
     An' rin awa,  
 An' heaps o' them had made to reel,  
     An' also fa?  
 In truth I hae baith heard an' read  
 O' heroes in our nation bred\*,

Wha

\* To mention only a few out of many, viz. Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce, Henry the V, Edward the black Prince, King William III, the first Duke of Marlborough, Earl of Peterborough, Lord Blakeney, General Wolf, General Elliot, General Boyd, Marquis Cornwallis, &c by land:—And Drake, Howard, Grenville, Blake, Sandwich, Russell, Rook, Torrington, Wager, Warren, Anson, Boscawen, Hawk, Rodney, Keppel, Pocock, Hardy, Saunders, Brett, Harland, &c. by sea. And, what might been expected from a Courtney, and a Falkenor, had they lived? These two young sea captains had seen more service, and done more gallant actions than many old Admirals in their whole lives. They afterwards lost their lives gloriously in the service of their country in the prime of youth: the first in 1793, and the last in 1795.

Might

Wha fleets an' armies aften led  
                                 Wi gryter might,  
 Than a' sic ancients ever had,  
                                 Tho' true an' right.

When their bra conduct people names  
 They darken a' the heathen themes,  
 An' my heart better glows an' gleams  
                                 Than when I hear  
 O' Hector's deeds, an' a' sic dreams  
                                 That mak a steer.

For heathen gods I tell you plain  
 Tak in thae warriors o' our ain,  
 And on them well employ your pen  
                                 Instead o' yon;

And only honour them as men  
                                 O' flesh an' bone.

Now unto him wha form'd the sky,  
 And ev'ry thing baith low an' high,  
 A' glory be, for he our cry

                                Will hear in time;  
 For nane but he can help apply,  
                                 Or pass a crime.

Sae let us only him adore,  
 And mercy frae his hand implore,  
 Thro' him wha pains an' crosses bore,  
                                 An' died for a':

To three in one, an' naething more  
                                 Lat's stand in aw.

Now Bards farewell, I wiss you may,  
 But mind tak heed to what I say,

And

Might it not be better to give our war ships names from the best of our commanders, such as the above, than using so many French names with their La's and Le's, &c. which sound harsh to an English reader, and likewise offend the eye on paper?

And alter some your common way  
   O' makin rhyme;  
 An' syne your fame will last for ay  
   Till end o' time.

---

*An Elegy on seeing the Execution of ROBERT WATT  
 for High Treason, at Edinburgh, Oct. 15, 1794.*

O Mad infatuated man!  
 Unfortunate ye may be call'd,  
 To hatch this black infernal plan,  
 For which stern justice has you thrall'd.  
 'I was treason, that most dreadful crime!  
 A crime that's punish'd most severe,  
 Which cut this rebel at the prime,  
 And stopt at once his proud career.  
 And O it happy, happy was,  
 For all the empire of our king;  
 As he design'd t' usurp the laws,  
 And dismal desolation bring!  
 Most awful would the contest been,  
 With innocents in thousands slain!  
 And Britain never more wou'd seen  
 Her precious liberty again.  
 This was the crime, when justice rous'd,  
 And loud for satisfaction cry'd:  
 As all her rights he had abus'd,  
 She would no longer be deny'd.  
 Altho' the law had suffer'd long,  
 It laid on him its iron hand;  
 As some atonement for his wrong,  
 His life most justly doth demand.  
 It did against this vicious man

The



The cause of treason justly gain;  
 Add truly prov'd his evil plan,  
 And made all his defences vain.  
 So from this wretch, the law's loud tongue  
 Most justly now desires his breath;  
 And drawn, as payment for his wrong,  
 'The harsh 'unpitying dart of death.'  
 When he had got his trial fair,  
 He was some mournful weeks allow'd,  
 That he might for his end prepare,  
 Which penitence prov'd well bestow'd.  
 On Wednesday, that fatal morn,  
 He saw the sun with radiance rise;  
 A sight he'd never see return  
 Again on earth with mortal eyes!  
 That day, and at a certain hour,  
 Death's awful arm is made quite bare;  
 And for this villain's neck, most sure  
 The fatal cord and ax prepare.  
 Then from the castle he was ta'en,  
 And solemn slowly drawn along,  
 Encircl'd by a chosen train,  
 Amidst a wond'ring, num'rous throng.  
 When he came to the place design'd,  
 He most devoutly read and pray'd;  
 And clergymen did there attend,  
 Who great attention to him pay'd.  
 When ready, and his time all gone,  
 High on a gibbet he was hung,  
 In sight of thousands many one  
 Who all abhorr'd his direful wrong.  
 The executer cut him down,  
 And with two blows struck off his head;  
 So all his plans were overthrown  
 That would great desolation made.

*The King's Birth-Day, 1796.*

This year was far from like the last,  
And bore a striking true contrast.

WITH Spirits elated good news I will write  
To ev'ry true Briton and friend of the state;  
And that's the great loyalty display'd at Dundee,  
By almost all people of ev'ry degree.  
His Majesty's birth-day, the fourth day of June,  
Was there celebrated with music's best tune;  
And likewise by firing and all kinds of joy,  
Without the least danger, despite, or annoy.  
From morning till evening the whole day was fine,  
And nought overshadowed fair Phoebus' bright shine:

Which added more lustre to king's-men array'd  
And to the fine standards in all parts display'd;  
For on like occasions was never seen more,  
Nor half so much grandeur at this place before.

The Volunteers likewise augmented the show,  
For in the best order away they did go,  
At ten o'clock nearly, to yon meadow green,  
Which place was appointed where all might convene.  
And when all collected upon that fine plain,  
They went thro' their manual with soldier like mien.  
Their drums and their music paraded around,  
Which made a fine warlike, sonorous sweet sound.  
Their fine colour'd banners were likewise display'd;  
And then on their shoulders their musquets were laid,  
And in the best order they march'd for the town,  
Like conquering bold heroes of warlike renown;  
And to the beholders it was a fine show,  
To see them march onward so neat in a row;  
With bright shining arms and colours display'd,  
And in their new clothing most handsome array'd;  
Which made their appearance, commanders and men,  
As if they'd been officers all of the train.  
Their coats were fine blue, of the very best kind,  
With liv'ry of red, and with white they were lin'd.

At

At back and the shoulders hang ringlets of gold,  
And all had appearance of true heroes bold.

So when they arriv'd at the Overgate street,  
They form'd in fine order like soldiers complete;  
And in small divisions march'd on to the cross,  
Then form'd into lines two, more longer and close;  
Then each Volunteer at his arms did stand,  
And listen'd attentive for words of command;  
And when they were order'd, the whole body fir'd  
With so great exactness that judges admir'd.  
I bodily saw them, and therefore can tell,  
That doubtless they've equals, but few can excell.

The first, or Grant Fencibles, likewise came down,  
From barracks at Dudhope, to honour the town;  
And like hardy vetrans did boldly behave,  
And three noble firings exactly they gave.  
And now to conclude all on this joyful day  
The sports were all ended without the least fray.

To far distant years may good fortune prolong  
The life of our sov'reign, who claims our best song,  
Then all loyal subjects will welcome-right gay  
The many returns of th' auspicious day.

O shed a your influence, ye high powers above,  
And bring all the nations to concord and love:  
Let war and discordance be heard of no more,  
Then arts, peace and plenty will bless ev'ry shore.

N. B. I think myself call'd upon, by some people laughing and ridiculing the words 'Brave, Bold, Hero' &c. as if Britons were cowards: I am bold to say, that the British spirit is not diminished in this war more than in any other. Certainly there can be no impropriety in calling a person brave; especially, as there is something bold and majestic in the looks and gait of a soldier, altho' he had never seen an enemy. And I make no doubt, that if our Volunteers were under the disagreeable necessity of acting, but they would behave with that Spirit which

which is characteristic of Scotsmen and of Britons. We have often heard of a new regiment, after being well disciplined, behaving with the greatest bravery in their first battle.—I might quote many worthy authors in my defence, but a few lines from the great and celebrated Dr. Johnson, will be sufficient.—“ Our nation, (says “ he) may boast, beyond any other people in the world, “ of a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally thro’ “ all its ranks. We can shew a peasantry of heroes, “ and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may “ vie with that of their general.” The same weighty author, whose veracity has never been questioned, says a great deal more in the same strain; but it is needless to quote any more from him, or any other, as British courage is and has been always sufficiently known in all ages and in all parts of the world.

W. D.

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✧ The reader is desired to notice the following errors of the press.—Page 25, read line 14 thus, *To get redress o’ wrong;* page 27, end of line 29, for *is due*, read *are due*, page 28, line 8, for *turned*, read *turn’d*. Also some errors in the pointing from the 24th to the 37th page.

THE END.

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